

Fashion Tips
by
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INT. LEGAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

STAN, squeezed into a three-piece suit, and sweating in the air conditioning, sits at a conference table. Two men flank him.

MONIQUE, with an air of sophistication her dressed-for-battle black pantsuit can't hide, strides in.

STAN

Lordy, Monique. Dressed like that
I almost mistook you for a man.

MONIQUE

That's funny, Stan. I was gonna
say the same thing about you.

The man on the left laughs. Stan silences him with a look.

STAN

Seein' as how we're through with
the pleasantries. Let's get to the
nut cuttin'. Your client's in a
heap a' trouble. Or maybe you're
not aware that Wisconsin v. Smith,
guts your chance of appeal.

(to the men on either
side)

I guess they must have missed that
case at your beauty school.

Monique smiles. Sharks aren't afraid of other sharks.

MONIQUE

I wouldn't know, Stan, seeing as
how I was clerking for the judge
who wrote Marbury v. Delahoitte,
which gutted Wisconsin v. Smith.
Not to mention placed res judicata
limits on your ability to appeal
when we win, and stare decisis has
been with my judge on every case
that's gone up against it.

Stan's eyes narrow. The laughing man looks like a cornered squirrel.

MONIQUE

Now if you boys would like to play
some more, or Stan, if you'd like
some beauty tips, I freed up my
whole afternoon just to be here.

She tosses some papers on the table.

MONIQUE

Or you can agree to the settlement
we're proposing.

Stan wants to fight. The silent man on his left puts his
hand on Stan's arm.

Stan looks over in disbelief.

A small shake of the head. It's settled.

MONIQUE

Looks like you've decided. I'll
just leave those there for you.
Gentlemen. Stan. Always a
pleasure.